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The Priestess



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Chapter 1 by Kallaway Haystings

"Let this be a lesson to you all. Break the rules set to you by the High Priestess, and you face judgment before the Council." A man stood before a silent crowd, dressed in black leather robes and a staff in his right hand. Behind him three others stood. Each holding a staff as well, chanting and muttering strange words in the ancient language of the Priestess. The people before him stood in silence, their faces upturned in reverence and awe as the man lifted the staff upon which a wicked dagger was set. Flames danced from the deep fire pit before him, pitch black eyes reflecting the red flames from under the hood. Claw like hands clutched the staff as he lifted it above his head and pointed at the figure on the ground at his feet. "A sacrifice must be made, make peace with your gods, child."

Chapter 2 by Phantim



"Wicked men, you have twisted my words," the small female child said. Her body was small and frail. Her black hair clung to her face as the sweat glistened on her brow from her nearness to the priest's flame.

The leader looked like he was about to protest, but something about the fierceness of the girl's gaze caused him to tumble for a moment before he spoke. "Your words are nothing to us. We serve only the priestess."

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advances. I who taught the way of the One. But you have twisted my teachings."

"Enough of this!" The elder priest shouted. "We won't have you blaspheme the Priestess in front of this crowd! You have made your peace, now die!"

Suddenly flames sprang out from the priest's staff and were about to consume the girl. Then the flames stopped.

"Your time of protection is over, Ethiel. Yato will not so easily forgive mankind for my death." And with that, the flames roared back to life and consumed the small girl. Her frail body was reduced to ash and her long black hair into dark smoke.

Everyone knew that a mistake had been made, and they wailed in despair.

Chapter 3 by V.



The air became thick, hard to breathe, as a cloak of darkness fell upon the crowd and a low rumble began to rise up from the belly of the earth. Ethiel collapsed dropping his staff, his knees sinking deep into the damp earth while the three others behind him stood so still they appeared to be frozen in time. Ethiel understood the grave error that he just made would cost not only his, but many lives.

Ethiel, stricken with grief and guilt, began to grovel, begging for forgiveness.. asking for all other lives to be spared but his own. But his pleading would do nothing for the people, for Yato the great god of valor, was not known to be forgiving.

For years stories were told of the great god of valor Yato. Stories of heroism, strength, and courage. But some stories were laced with darkness. Some stories told of betrayal against Yato, and these stories ended many different ways. It is told that men have been plagued with illness, that droughts were summoned leaving famine in their wake, and some men are even told to have been lured into the woods where they were hunted like animals and tortured to their last breath by the great god himself. So you see, Yato is a god of strength and will, who will fight for his people. but his people know that his fight for them only lasts so long... for if you cross Yato he

will no longer be a god but a demon with no shame in seeking to fulfill your worst nightmares

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The last flame suffocating the girl as it burned, the girl lay in the muck nothing more but a pile of ash and

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With a sudden flash of piercing white light and a clap of thunder that echoed throughout the land the crowd shrieked, Etheil gasped, and they all could see that soon they will be receiving Yato's revenge.

Chapter 4 by R



The lightning had struck the pile of ash that had once been the High Priestess, and turned burnt remnants in to crystals, glittering in the dark. Out of the shadows came a figure that looked like a boy Anya's age.

No. He did not look like a boy. His appearance was young, dark-haired, sharp-eyed, plain-clothed, but one glance at him revealed his godly nature. It was in his eyes and his walk and the scent in the air as he stepped forward.

The priests dropped to their knees and Yato looked upon them with scorn and dismay.

"Anya." He calls out, not sad as one who has lost someone or angry or even confused by the events, but as someone calling to another, beckoning to step forward and show their face. "I call you to my service once more."

There was no shimmering of the air, no crystals turned to flesh, but in the god Yato's hand materialized a weapon, a long scythe with a blade of obsidian -black metal which shimmered in the cloudy darkness.

"Yato, we meant nothing against you." Etheil whispered, lying prostrate against the ground. "We did not know - she was blaspheming - I have always been loyal to your service, oh great one - please, i beg mercy - please -"

"Shut up." Yato growled. "You have sinned. You have sinned against me the one you have given yourself to and for your penance I will give you punishment."

There was a wimpering from Etheil and flat out cries from the rest of the priesthood, met only

by the solemn, unwavering gaze that only a god could give down unto mortals.

He raised the scythe in his hands.

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Etheil was cleaved in two.

Everyone stared at the blood. It was flowing out quickly, and long ribbons of it were spread across the floor. Several fancy outfits were ruined. Suddenly, they all broke out of their trances and simultaneously raced to the door in the futile hope that Yato wouldn't be able to hurt them. None of them made it.

Yato, still furious, sent out a beam from the scythe. It disintegrated everyone it touched, and Yato was left standing in a roomful of ashes. He did something unexpected, something unnatural, something unprecedented.

He cried. His orange tears fell upon the corpse of Anya, but did nothing to awaken her. However, when he stopped, they changed.

The orange puddle morphed into an ethereal, barely visible person.

"Anya?"

"Yes, Yato. Gods' tears are very powerful. You must do more than that, though, to revive me. Find the Fallen One. He can help you, and in turn, me as well. Hurry, for I cannot stay on this plane long. Go!" the orange liquid said. When she finished, the liquid fell to the tiled floor.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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